

Good Morning

s116

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

VICTORY IN EUROPE

"First, we celebrate together... In our rejoicing there is a place for pride in one another, and a great fellowship between us such as that which united us all in the dark days. Before the war we had lost that kind of pride and fellowship; in the war it has sprung to a glorious life. It will mark our celebration, because it is good and tested and true, and is to be a stand-by to us in the tasks ahead."—The Archbishop of Canterbury.

HOW THE GOOD NEWS CAME TO YOUR HOME TOWN

LONDON

THERE were rockets and fires in London on Victory-in-Europe Day, but they brought no message of death and destruction. It was a city ringed by bonfires—bonfires of black-out curtains on bombed sites, where the glare showed flags draping glassless windows and skeleton walls.

The crowds stormed Buckingham Palace, and they swarmed, like ants, around Eros. They sang, "Knees Up, Mother Brown," and "God Save the King," and they broke seats in the park and kissed people they had never seen before. These are the things people do on such occasions.

There were fantastic "maf-ficking" scenes in the heart of the City as cheering, dancing, laughing, uncontrollable crowds mobbed buses, jumped on to roofs of cars, tore down hoarding for causeway bonfires, kissed policemen and dragged them into the dancing.

Motorists gave the V sign on their electric horns. Out on the river, tugs and ships made the night echo and re-echo with V sirens.

But it was not only in the West End that VE fever broke out. At New Cross, near the bomb site where only a few months before 170 Londoners were killed by a rocket, people danced and sang around a great bonfire amidst debris and ruins.

Pianos played in the streets of Rotherhithe, where tankers and cargo ships in the docks flashed V-signs and fired Verey lights. Bermondsey people fed a fire with bunks from a shelter. An elderly woman who had spent hundreds of nights in the shelter cried, "Burn 'em all! That's one bed I shan't miss." Battersea power station was flooded. Searchlights criss-crossed the sky. Christmas tree fairy lights were brought out and hung in Vs in windows.

A No. 30 bus at Putney had the driver's cab beflagged by the conductress.

A Hitler effigy hung from a gibbet in Fulham Road, S.W.

Doors were pulled off and windows wrenched from their sockets to start a fire in Regent Road, Hammersmith.

Yes, they all went mad. But next day they went back to work—to finish the war. They had let off steam, but knew in their hearts that this was just a phoney finish to a war that was phoney at the start.

Their big day is still to come.

ABERDEEN

IN pouring rain, thousands of Aberdonians sang "The Last

one finished, another took up the refrain. This went on for nearly two hours.

Flags drooped sadly in the drenching rain, but the spirits of the thousands who packed Union Street were buoyant.

Only the sirens were working at the fish market, which observed a two-day holiday. About 7,000 tons of fish waited in trawlers and carriers to be discharged.

Soldiers at Gordon Barracks sent up smoke screens to mark the occasion, and at 10 p.m. stocky, little Lord Provost

BIRMINGHAM

BRUM looked as though it was on fire, reminding one of the old bombing days. A big bonfire burned right bang in the middle of Broad Street. Thousands shouted, cheered, waved flags. There were plenty of drunks.

In the floodlights on to the Hall of Memory and the Bank, Servicemen cuddled their girls. Anybody kissed anybody.

New Street and Corporation Street were just one solid block of humanity. You couldn't move down there. The big street lights were on; Thousands of bonfires were burning in streets.

Next day everyone sobered down and went to a thanksgiving service outside the Hall of Memory. It was very impressive.

VE-Day was the biggest day Brum had ever seen. A million and a quarter people, mostly munition workers, had sweated day and night turning out the munitions, and they let off steam.

There was free beer for the Navy. Civilians brought in barrels, jars and buckets of it, and gave it to the boys in blue.

BRIGHTON

THEY danced, they sang, they rejoiced and they remembered at Brighton. They danced and sang because they were happy; they rejoiced because for them the war was over; they remembered those who had made it possible, and those whose war is not yet over.

They were happy and they showed it. They hung out the flags which had been stored since the Coronation, they visited the dance halls, the pubs and the cinemas, they made as much noise as they could, and the police looked the other way.

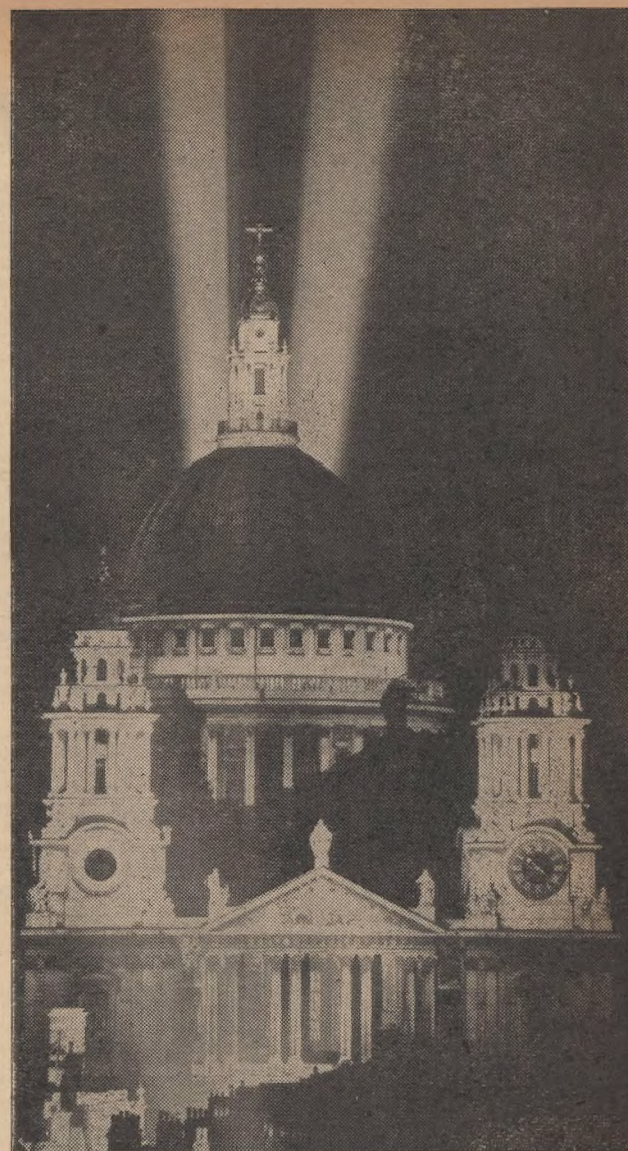
In Brighton it was peace again, and peace came with a bang.

BRISTOL

NOT since the days of Good Queen Bess, when the British Navy scattered and confounded the ships of the crafty Philip of Spain, have the men of the West Country abandoned themselves to joy as they did when "That Wicked Man" (to use Churchill's own phrase) and the evil curs who obeyed his orders, had to acknowledge defeat by Britain and her Russian and American allies.

It was jingle-jangle all the way in Bristol when the great victory was announced; even churches with only two bells clanging out in defiant salute from gutted edifices to proclaim that England was safe again, and still, we hope, mistress of the seas.

Appropriately enough, it was four sailors of the Royal Navy on leave who stole the limelight in the "piece de resistance" of the celebrations. Immediately after the Prime Minister had made his speech on Tuesday, the Lord Mayor of the city, all



magnificently garbed in black and gold, hid himself with other big wigs to an ornate coach drawn by two bay mares to make a tour of the principal streets, there to read the official proclamation.

And after the Lord Mayor's coach came four jolly tars who had commandeered a one-horse milk float and decorated it with Union Jacks and bunting.

They got more cheers than the official party, especially when it was noted that each of the Navy men was wearing a tiny ridiculous figure of a man, with short clipped moustache and a strand of obstinate black hair brushed deliberately over the left eye—hanging on a gibbet decorated with red, white and blue.

Serving men's wives in many streets held open house in the streets, and gave tea and cakes to all and sundry, and banjos and concertinas livened the gaiety.

Bristol for once forgot its stolidity and gave itself over to sheer abandoned joy. That is to say, nearly everybody did; except a few workmen at the B.A.C. who hadn't listened to the previous night's wireless announcement, and who made their way, as usual, to work in the early morning. The young married women conductresses on the buses didn't half take the early rise out of these super-patriots!

CARDIFF

GLEAMING white in glorious sunshine, Cardiff City Hall, centre-piece of the finest group of civic buildings in Britain, was focal point of Wales's cavalcade.

If you can picture Barry Island, Porthcawl, Aberystwyth or the Mumbles on a Bank Holiday rolled into an international football match, you get what Cathays Park looked like.

One vast sea of surging red, white and blue. 100,000 eyes turned towards the draped portico of the City Hall, where 80-years-old Alderman Walter Parker, Lord Mayor, spoke to the multitude as the echo of the Premier's broadcast of Victory died away.

Ship's hooters and sirens from the docks shrieked "IT'S all over." And then, as the pent-

up emotion of five-and-a-half long, weary years boiled over, there came a hush as white-robed Canon J. Lewis, of St. John's Church, followed a V fanfare of trumpets, led the vast concourse in prayer and thanksgiving.

Moslems, Indians, West Africans—all the races and tongues that make Cardiff the Cosmopolitan City it is—mingled with all the Allies in the great "Thanks-Be... Let's Go-Gay Cavalcade." But Wales, ever emotional, was both gay and grave.

Churches and every little "Bethel" in the mining valleys were packed with worshippers. Many who had not bowed heads or bent knees for years went there to lift up their hearts.

In the midst of rejoicing Cardiff remembered that in the great blitzes 355 citizens were killed, 502 injured, and 10,000 houses were blasted.

CLYDESIDE

CLYDESIDE—from Glasgow to Greenock—was all "lit up." The Navy helped with searchlights, boisterous youths fed the flames of a hundred bonfires with anything and everything they could lay their hands on.

Liberty men and the WRENS led the revelling in Glasgow. A stoker C.P.O., sharing the Iron Duke's saddle on his bronze statue horse, led a 10,000 crowd in domestic singing.

Lads and lassies danced jigs and eightsome reels on the roofs of the air raid shelters in George Square, the city's principal assembly place. On level ground high spirited

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Dept. of C.N.I., Admiralty, London, S.W.1



The Wren proposes a Victory Toast to some Navy men in Gordon Street, Glasgow.

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The children made a bonfire in Rupert Street, Norwich, this Glorious Eighth of May.

youngsters performed sweeping wonders with the palais glide, and wound in long serpentine columns round the staid islands of middle-aged on-lookers.

Noise, the sort of gay, happy, carefree merrymaking, the sound of which has not been heard on Clydeside in the 40's, came back to town. Gay spirits—the bottled variety gave out in the early evening—never became uncontrolled. The police force had practically a "Make and Mend."

Glasgow's day out was repeated in Greenock. Submariners will not be surprised that it rained most of the day in this Tail of the Bank town. It usually does. But the ships in the Firth were dressed with flags, and exploding starshells and rockets gave a carnival effect—despite the rain and the grey clouds which hid the surrounding hills.

"Red" Clydeside—went all red, white and blue. In the towns and villages abutting on the river, which gives the area its title, the staidest of Scots went roystering—and the bagpipes played all day.

EDINBURGH

THE city rejoiced with great gusto. Princes Street was a moving mass of rejoicing. In the North people are not easily moved to laughter—or tears, for that matter—and so the great throng included many "sobersides" looking on at the frolics of light-hearted Service men and women and other young people making whoopee in a big way.

In Leith, in the old-fashioned fishing village of Newhaven, down the Royal Mile that sweeps from the Castle to the

gates of the Palace of Holyroodhouse, and in many suburbs, there was communal gaiety with Highland flings and reels and auld Scots songs, but in the centre of the city it was a cosmopolitan crowd of Norwegians, Poles, Danes, French and Americans, as well as Service personnel from all parts of Britain.

If the native city of Scott and R. L. S. didn't exactly let her hair down, she certainly brought out that bottle that was saved for this great day, and was a very hospitable hostess.

Even so, supplies could not meet this extraordinary demand, and many pubs just had to close early in the evening to safeguard stocks for the next day. It did not look as if anyone cared very much. Joy more heady than a peck o' maut was in the air.

It was great fun to see Allied soldiers climbing all over the monument of Scott and the equally famous statue of the Duke of Wellington, seeking in vain a place to plant a flag.

There was the Navy dashing around in a jeep carrying a bus-load of passengers, stopping trams and making "love" to broadly smiling point-policemen, and playing Hell happily in innumerable ways.

And ere darkness there was dancing in Princes Street Gardens and in side streets of the main thoroughfare. One crowd of dancers were doing an eightsome the like of which was surely never seen before, to the music of the pipes. Well, the piper was there, and his distended cheeks and bulging eyes showed he was not shirking his duty, but not a note of the vibrant melody could be heard above the "hoochs" of the dancers.

EXETER

BRILLIANT sunshine added to the gaiety of the decorated buildings, for flags were everywhere.

People were out and about early in the morning. It was raining at first. Everything seemed very much as usual; although a general holiday had been declared, hundreds were on their way to work.

Transport workers, food-shop staffs, post office employees, and, in fact, the butchers, bakers, grocers, and Uncle Tom Cobley and all! But as the weather improved the streets became crowded. Radiant faces everywhere, utter and complete thankfulness, mingled with a tinge of sadness, as thoughts of lost loved ones came uppermost.

Mr. Churchill's words about the Far East war, too, had a sobering effect, further enhanced by the services of Thanksgiving which were held everywhere during the evening.

Congregations were assembled regardless of denomination, and at Broadclyst, near Exeter, the united strength of attendance was met by holding the service in a field adjoining the Parish Church.

The late evening was given up to wild enthusiasm, and Exeter's streets were crammed

with happy, jostling crowds. Dance music was relayed through the loud-speakers system, and traffic had to be diverted to the back roads. Around the countryside, after dark, it was wonderful to see numbers of huge bonfires, a hitherto forbidden delight, and a very tangible proof that there was no more danger in Britain's sky.

NORWICH

THE day in Norwich started very quietly, and many went to work as usual. But only to find they were free to celebrate, and so the city gradually filled up. All roads led to Norwich, yet nothing had been organised to bring a crowd together and so break down the well-known Norwich reserve. Not a loud-speaker anywhere to broadcast the Premier's few memorable words or the King's speech.

Only as night came on did things begin to liven up, and usually engineered by men in uniform—the soldiers, and, of course, the sailors.

It was the children who made a whole day of it. They kept their high-pitched voices going all the time, and busily built bonfires on any cleared bomb-sites—just where their homes used to be. Those bad days were gone, so now to celebrate—just as children can anywhere. In their case there is no ice to break.

One thing Norwich did do: they went to church—morning and evening. The Lord Mayor and the city's leaders went in the morning to St. Peter Mancroft Church, and that large church was filled. In the evening the Bishop (the Rt. Rev. P. M. Herbert) preached at the Thanksgiving service at the Cathedral to a very large congregation.

By nightfall the East Anglian reserve began to fall away, for which thanks are due to the children's joyous bonfires. Then the searchlights helped, and planes dropped coloured flares, and so Norwich gradually worked up to celebrate.

In Yarmouth it was easier; the ships in the river blared out their sirens and hooters directly after the Premier's announcement of "War over."

Good for the sailors! They, like the children, can always get things started—and keep it up! If there is anything to celebrate, trust a sailor.

Even in the villages, so often it was the man from the sea, home on leave, to start the ball rolling—and, of course, the children.

PLYMOUTH

JUST as Drake's navy came to the rescue off Plymouth Hoe in the time of the Spanish Armada, so to-day the British Navy—in the person of young A.B. Maurice Powell—armed with an accordion came to the rescue of the multitude gathered on the famous promenade to celebrate the Big Day.

Like magic, the word went round that music had arrived. Stalwart bluejackets, of whom there was more than a sprinkling, hoisted the musician upon several lusty shoulders, and

elevated over the crowd, he rendered the music that made thousands dance and sing. He was the hero of the day.

But in all that surging throng milling around the



Hearts and feet were young in the back streets of Manchester, and everyone cried, "Whoopee!"—their way of saying "Thank you!"

accordionist, Wren Margaret Pinkham had stuck close to the side of her fiancé, now the idol of the crowd.

Suddenly there was a break in the animated dancing as the crowd became aware of new excitement brewing. A grey-haired last war veteran in naval P.O.'s uniform was struggling to climb the huge statue of Sir Francis Drake, which stands on

the Plymouth Hoe promenade beside the bowling green, where he was playing as the Armada was sighted.

Willing hands thrust the Petty Officer upwards. He reached the feet of the statue. Placing his foot on the precarious foothold afforded by the globe beside the effigy, the climber drew himself up to the giant head and sat astride the

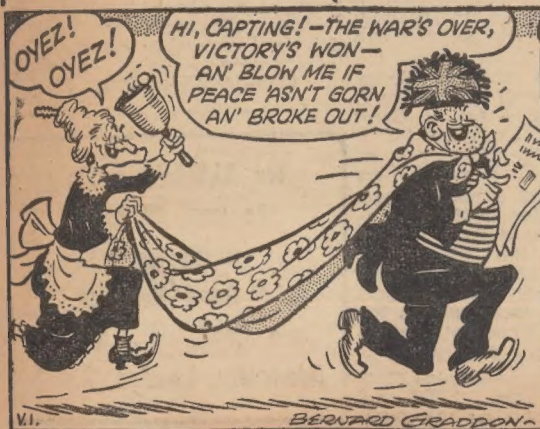
shoulders, waving the flag he had clung to during the ascent.

Then two other figures in navy blue were seen to climb the statue. A young naval cadet in "bell bottoms" followed them to the foot of Sir Francis. Then the naval tab-leaux adorned the famous sea-man, turned towards the continent of Europe that lay due South across the Sound and the



This is Shaftesbury Avenue, in London's West End, resounding to such gaiety and laughter as even Shaftesbury Avenue has not known before.

JUST JAKE



English Channel, the flags they held semaphored VICTORY.

PORTSMOUTH

EFFIGIES of Hitler were burned in the streets of Portsmouth on VE-Day. Children danced light-heartedly around the bonfires.

For half-an-hour at mid-day the sirens of warships in the Harbour screamed out a joyous cacophony of sound. It was the Morse "V"—the note of Victory.

At midnight, the official hour of the cessation of hostilities in Europe, the sirens again broke out into their jubilant chorus. American soldiers and French sailors



Naval arms join up to make merry in their own town of Portsmouth.

were among the units which sites and in the streets. The biggest blaze of all was at the ruins of the burned-out Guildhall, for a thanksgiving service at 11 a.m.

Practically all branches of the Fighting and Civil Defence Services were represented, and in spite of a heavy rainstorm just previously, thousands of people joined in the service. The Commander-in-Chief, Admiral Sir Geoffrey Layton, was among those who attended.

As the service opened with the National Anthem, the White Ensign flown from the Guildhall on Armistice Day, 1918, was again hoisted on a flagstaff on the Guildhall tower, around which the flames from the burning building were hungrily licking on the night of the great fire blitz on January 10th, 1941.

During the afternoon naval ratings also climbed the tower and sounded the Pompey Chimes after a silence of nearly six years.

Sailors and Wrens made merry in the streets—and in the "pubs"—during the day. The drinks amazingly lasted out! Submariners' families drank toasts for a quick and a safe return of husbands, sons, and brothers who are now helping to bring the war in the East to a close.

S'THAMPTON

SOTON'S VE-night whoopee-making owed much of its success—and its noise—to the not-so-silent service.

A young A.B. who had hoisted a Union Jack on a long pole started the first of the night's procession, and before it had finished singing its way round the town it was half-a-mile long.

Two other bright lads in navy blue climbed to the highest point of the Civic Centre Municipal offices' block and added another flag to the decorations. Another balanced on his midriff atop a 40ft. flagpole, and two others cooled off by sitting in the basin of the rose garden fountain.

Twenty thousand people danced in the Civic Centre forecourt until early morning. Bonfires were built on blitzed

They Went Home when

Dawn Broke

dulais, Cross Hands and the villages of Swansea Valley presented a strange sight.

The numerous bottles of liquid food and the many tins of solid food procured and stored for a long time and marked down "strictly for the use of," found their way into communal grub and liquor pools.

The policemen in this area, far from being on duty, were mixed up in the fun.

They contributed the greater amount to the beer fund! If our guess is right, they were by far the greater partakers of the liquid, too! But they had their work cut out to beat a few of the lads.

The towns and villages resembled huge fairgrounds with hooters blaring, bells ringing, whistles blowing, everyone singing and the whole of the Welsh population having a marvellous time. The thought uppermost in their minds today was, "We've had enough restraint, restrictions and red-dresses for the past 5½ years. To-day is our day. To-night—Gawd 'elp us!"

The day before the one set aside by the Government as VE-Day there was a strange new tensity in the air.

You could feel it before people opened their mouths to speak. In a rather shy sort of way the streets began to grow gay with the first flags and red, white and blue ribbons. But there was "nothing definite, you know" in the B.B.C.'s announcements.

In the shipyards of Tyneside, where for five years they had built the ships of war, it was all settled that the moment the big news was flashed from London to the Provinces, the workers would down-tools in the yards.

The riveters, the caulkers, the hammer slingers had it all cut and dried how they were going to rush out in a great shouting mass from the shipyards where they had helped to "weld" victory together.

But 5 p.m.—everyday knocking-off time—came with no news, and when the real news came later in the evening, it meant that they would not be going to work the next day. Their plan to stage "something big" fell through.

The next day, VE-Day itself, found many Northern streets enveloped in a Sabbathical calm—with the few



In the back streets the children led the dancing, and they kept it up till the twilight hours, long past bed-time.

TYNESIDE

THE North took the news as quietly as if it were defeat—at first.

SWANSEA

SWANSEA, its neighbouring towns and villages, Neath, Port Talbot, Briton Ferry, Llanelly, Carmarthen, Ponter-



Streamers and flags waved in this Manchester street when fifty children held an open-air Victory party. Cakes and sandwiches were served by the mothers, some of whom were evacuees from London.

pedestrians whom you would have found had it been Sunday, and the emptiness of the streets somewhat fantastic in relation to the drooping flags and gay bunting on tall city buildings.

Then, after mid-day, the cities awoke to brave the torrential rain which, for the greater part of the day, fell in all parts of the North.

Nearly every village in Northumberland, Durham and North Yorkshire had its bonfire.

At Yarm, centuries-old village in the North Riding, the youngsters had built a fire 12ft. high in the cobbled market square.

Their effigy of Hitler had a more honourable burning than any Guy Fawkes in the days before the war.

WORTHING

IT would not be perfectly true to say that Worthing went mad on VE-Day, but it did reach that state of merriment which brings sober-minded citizens to sing and dance in the streets.

Expecting a rush of celebrators, the pubs were comparatively well-stocked, and it was a surprise to find them almost deserted on VE-morning.

The rush was to come. In the evening they were full, but supplies held out until the following day, when one of the finest sights was a brewer's more honourable burning than any Guy Fawkes in the days before the war.



A.B. James Wright takes a Victory tide through Plymouth on that noble steed "Royalty," normally employed as cart-horse at the Royal Naval Barracks.

JANE



STAMP MARKET NEWS

By J.S. Newcombe—

SINCE my note last week on the Occupation stamps of the Channel Islands, more detailed news has come to hand in a "Catalogue and Handbook of the Stamps of the Channel Islands," published at St. Peter Port, Guernsey, by Mr. Ernest J. Baker.

The writer says that within six months of the occupation of the islands by German Forces the stock of English penny stamps, which had continued to serve for inter-island postage, began to run low at the Guernsey post office.

To meet the deficiency until such time as some "local" stamps could be produced, authority was given for the temporary employment of bisected halves of 2d. stamps to defray the penny postage rate. The earliest date of use for these bisects was December 27, 1940.

The stamps so treated belonged to the British series of King George V (1912-24 and 1934), the King George VI issue of 1937, and the 1946 Penny Postage Centenary issue. Supplies of the last-named appear to have been the most considerable, and it is estimated that something like 120,000 bisects of the 2d. value were created.



Of the ordinary 2d. stamp with head of King George VI, some 40,000 bisects are believed to exist, but in the case of the two George V varieties, no more than 1,000 half-stamps can be accounted for. Local valuations of these bisects range from 15s. to £1 for the Centenary type to £5 10s. and £6 10s. for the George V issues, according to whether they are first-day cancellations or not.

Meanwhile, with the sanction of the Bailiff of Guernsey and the Commandant of the German garrison, some local stamps of the 1d. denomination had been produced by photo-engraving in the works of the Guernsey Press.

The design incorporated the Arms of the Island. The colour was red, in accordance with the Postal Union regulations, and the sheets were of 60 stamps, with slot perforation or roulette.

The 1d. stamp came into service on February 18, 1941, and was followed by 1d. green on April 7, and a 2d. blue, for use in posting to islanders exiled in Germany, was added on April 12, 1944.



In Jersey there were no bisects, as the stock of British stamps lasted longer. Even so, they did not prove inexhaustible, and on April 1, 1941, a penny stamp with the Arms of Jersey as the central design was put on sale, printed by the "Jersey Evening Post." A green 1d. stamp of similar design appeared on January 29, 1942.

In this case the stamps were properly perforated on a machine gauging 11.

During the year 1943 a more ambitious set of stamps was planned for Jersey, a pictorial issue of six denominations, for which designs were prepared by the well-known artist, Mr. Edmund Blampied. The actual printing was entrusted to the French Ministry of Posts and Telegraphs in Paris.

The subjects of the stamps and their colours were as follows: 1d. green (Old Jersey Farm), 1d. carmine (Portelet Bay), 1d. dark brown (Corbiere Lighthouse), 2d. orange-yellow (Elizabeth Castle), 2d. blue (Mont Orgueil Castle), 3d. violet (Gathering Vraic—seaweed used as a fertiliser). Sheets were made up of 120 stamps in four panes of 30, and the perforation gauged 13½.



And, as a postscript, here is an extract from the "Jersey Evening Post": "Mr. Ralph Mollet (Bailiff's Secretary) has received an official acknowledgment for a gift of the first-day issue of Jersey and Guernsey stamps which he forwarded for His Majesty's acceptance through Lord Munster."

The three stamps illustrated here are: A Dutch issue of the German Occupation, with design of a sea-horse; and two Swiss charity issues in aid of war victims.

BUCK RYAN



BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH

